More to be done yet.

OR;

Her *Majesty*'s most Gracious *TOKEN*

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of Oxford.

HIGH art Thou Rais'd (tho' short of Thy Desert)
Oh *HARLEY!* Sharer of Thy Sov'raigns Heart.
On Thee the Monarch, and the People cast
Expecting Eyes, presuming thence at last
A Cure must rise, for all our Evils past.
A NATION PLUNDER'D, and a TRADE ~~dismay'd~~;
RELIGION banter'd, and the *Folks* dismay'd:
Part Thou'st already for Thy Country done,
(Thy Parts perspicuous as the Rising SUN)
'Tis Thee alone we Worship, or deplore,
For Thou'rt the RISING-SUN we now adore.
Round thy vast LEVEE Thou Thy Beams dost spread,
Drawn from an Honest Heart, and a Sagacious Head.
Thou *OXFORD*'s Second Self, with Learning fraught,
Full of those LOYAL TRUTHS Sh'as always Taught,
And whence Thy TITLE was as justly brought.

Yet still, methinks, when I Thy Person view,
High as Thou art, there's something still Thy due;
Since Streams of Honour from Bright *ANNA* flow,
Is there not *One Thing* yet She may bestow?
Are there not *Honour'd Ensigns* worn by some
That seem to Languish, which on Thee wou'd Bloom?
Oh Glorious *ANNA*, let us then implore
To grace Thy *HARLEY* with One TOKEN more;
Which since the Laws of Honour won't resign,
Fortune has pav'd the Way by Those Divine:
Do't, and in double Bowls Thy Health we'll Quaff,
Let *Bed—f—d*'s GARTER, Grace *God—l—n*'s STAFF.